

# **IT'S SOMETHING I FELT**

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SOMETIMES, WHEN YOU MEET SOMEONE WHO'S GOING TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE... YOU JUST KNOW IT, I GUESS. [ vicijah ; 2/100 ]

## IT'S SOMETHING I FELT

he always knew that he was meant for someone. someone who was going to cherish, and protect him. he always had that feeling of being in someone's warm, big arms; and lying there for all of eternity. it shocked him that it felt so real. that it actually happened. when it didn't.

when he locked eyes with stanley uris, someone he had never even heard of or seen before, he knew that he knew him from somewhere. he just didn't know where. he really didn't, and it annoyed him greatly. every single moment he couldn't get over that aching feeling. 'where have i seen him before?' crossed his mind and left a sour, anger-inducing feeling.

where was he from...? he never had any friends. ever. and even when he did, a long time ago, he never forgot their faces or the way they made him feel. hell, he'd remember a classmate's face if he were to bump into one. but who was he? who was this guy?

and why did he hurt his heart so badly?

elijah sat and stared at the clock in the middle of psychology. his best friend, rachel, sat beside him and wrote down everything the teacher had said. if elijah were to be paying attention, he'd comment on rachel's intent listening to the teacher's lecture. but again, this was psychology; rachel's best class. and this was a thursday. the day after elijah saw that boy in the hallway.

elijah always hated thursdays. not only because of a fortune cookie saying that thursdays were his lucky days, and then a teacher yelled at him for being 'too sensitive' which resulted in him crying in front of the whole class back in second grade- but because of the uneasy feeling they always gave him.

elijah leaned against the wired fence and held onto the thin metal

with his cut up, calloused left hand. a cig in his mouth, drooping out and dropping ashes on the dirt ground underneath his black converse. he watched as the boy, stanley uris whom he had no knowledge of except for the week before, hit the ball as it aimed for his face. he dropped his bat, and ran to the next base. elijah's thighs tensing up as he watched him run, as he wasn't very physical himself. but seeing him run, as if it were a movie, made him tense up anyways.

stan ran passed elijah, and looked at him for a split second before sliding into the last base. elijah's mouth opened to say something, but closed shut when he heard a crowd of people roar out. it snapped him out of his thoughts. he thought he was in a goddamn movie. and it was like that sometimes for him.

stan fist-bumped his best friend, bill denbrough, and was greeted by his other friends: richie and eddie. stan took a look at elijah, who was staring at him like a horror movie monster would stare at their prey. but stan saw his confusion, and innocence.

he saw his face.

something he swore he had seen before.

stan watched as elijah and rachel opened up a beer bottle and shared it. his stomach hurt a bit as he mistook them for a couple. but his thoughts changed when he saw a ginger-haired-girl take a seat next to rachel, kiss her cheek, and they began to cuddle. elijah was only leaning against rachel's left arm as he took swigs from his glass.

stan walked over, and stared at the moon and constellations for a good few minutes before finally talking to elijah. "hey," he said as he squatted down. "you watched me for a while." he grinned.

elijah, shocked that this boy- the one he swore he knew- was speaking to him. and not only that, because of how... familiar his voice was. seriously, who the hell was he?

"we-well, yeah... yo.. you're very good." he paused. "at playing." he said, and satisfied the sentence with a grin. stan sat down on the bleacher next to elijah, even after rachel told elijah that she and

'beverly', who stan took note of, went to a party hosted by mike hanlon.

stan had his elbows bent as he lay on them in the field. the moonlight brushed upon his dark brown curls, and complimented his dark brown eyes. he let out a husky laugh each and every time elijah told him a anecdote, or a joke. elijah even recited some poetry to stan. and stan was in awe. "you're a good writer. my friend bill's a writer too. but he's more of a horror-novelist than poet."

elijah rubbed his arm, a sign of his discomfort and shyness, and shrugged. "denbrough? i read his column for the student newspaper. his was next to my friend's."

"the one who wrote about our school needing to get transgender bathrooms? yeah. both were great pieces." "wh-whuh? oh yeah."

elijah remembered his ex, victor criss. the only guy he had actually been with. and by been with, i mean 'sucked his dick back in ninth grade and we're still tight'. but elijah didn't like victor anymore. he just didn't like him. he didn't know why. whenever he thought of him, he felt gross and even a little angry. maybe it was stan.

stanley checked his watch and whispered "...shit." under his breath as he got on his right knee. "i gotta go. sorry. but, i have a game tomorrow." he said as he stood up. "i had a lot of fun with you. really did," he smiled down at elijah. who was trying to peek back up at him through his own dark curls. "by the way, i'm stan. stan uris."

elijah's heart stopped. and then beat again. "elijah. elijah lopez-madison."

stan's heart stopped. and then beat again.

'we really had known each other', elijah thought as he walked to his next class three days later. stan invited him to a party, being held tonight by bill, and he seemed really intent on elijah going. elijah,

who wanted to find out where stan was from, seemed a little excited as well. because hey, he was never invited to parties. except for rachel's sweet sixteen where she bought the two a bag of weed and were caught, ultimately, by her parents six hours after blazing the first batch.

good times.

elijah fumbled with his locker number and felt sick. his anxiety-levels were through the roof; at an all time high. 'i'm going to see stan in class today...'

'stanley uris.'

'the guy i swear i know.'

typing quickly at his phone as google brought up search results for a 'stan uris' and then a 'stanley uris' and then a 'stanlee ures' and all the other variations of stan uris you can think of. but there was nothing. a few dozen facebook profiles, and about three twitter ones, and an article dating back to the eighties about a stan uris falling off of his horse in denmark and dying.

so where was he from?

elijah rubbed his temples and looked all around him. rachel was walking past her girlfriend's table and stopped to say hello; gretta keene was with her group at the opposite side, and they joined in on the conversation; henry bowers was playing in-door football with his friends; mike hanlon was bowing and doing a little performance at his table- aha! there he was! stan was grinning from ear-to-ear as mike did his performance. bill clapped for his boyfriend and bit his lip as he watched. mike was only keeping it between his group, but elijah couldn't help but notice.

a football landed in stan's soup, and he shrieked. "sorry!!!" belch huggins yelled back, and stan threw their football back at them. "what the fuck, dude!?" he yelled, and everyone laughed- including stan.

elijah noticed rachel shaking her head as she walked to their table and sat in front of him; blocking his view of stan. and the worst part

was, he swore stan was turning his head to look at /him/. not rachel. /him/. /elijah/.

"what's good, space cowboy?" she asked as she pulled her book out of her bag. elijah blinked. "nothin', r." he leaned back a bit, and then shot himself forward. "can i tell you something?"

rachel, a little confused and maybe even a little scared, leaned in as well as she looked around them for a moment. "... sure...?"

elijah put a hand on the right side of his mouth to cover it; so further the notation that this was in fact a secret. as if his whispering didn't show her before. but rachel's did overreact and if she heard him she'd probably laugh. so she had to seal the deal and hide behind his hand with him.

"what is it, lije?"

"i think i met someone the other day."

rachel bit at her cheeks, trying to stop herself from laughing. "... what?"

"i mean, someone i already knew... but i don't know." rachel raised an eyebrow. "someone i might know. but i don't know very well."

"ahhh, ohhhh... okay. why are you telling me?"

elijah thought for a moment. yeah, why was he telling her? it certainly didn't matter to her, and she could make it even clearer by grinding the situation into the ground with her black boot. but maybe he had a reason. and then the reason hit him. hard.

"i think i found my soulm-" and with that, a football hit him directly in the forehead and almost knocked him out cold.

how embarrassing it was. to walk down the hallway as some students, young and older, looked on as a nineteen-year-old boy was crying his heart out. it was even more embarrassing because stan saw. and even worse? he even laughed a little too.

rachel had her hand on his back, and hurried him to the nurse's. pushing everyone she could out of the way, and glared at everyone who looked. "mind your /fuckin'/ pig business, you stupid fucks!" she yelled as they entered the nurses room. when she closed the door behind them, she opened it back up again to yell, "I FUCKING MEAN IT!!!" and slam it shut. hard.

so hard that it left elijah a little sick. waves of energy flowed on the

outside of his brain. rocks dropped onto his head, found their way in, and bounced around on his brain. he felt his nose and ears throb as he cried, and his eyes feel terribly itchy and wet.

rachel even winced when she slammed it that hard. she was probably going to get expelled. and she already had a bad-rep with the principal and the entire college.

the nurse glared at rachel, and shook her head. but reading rachel's reports from before when they were first introduced, she knew she wasn't going to do anything else. because rachel most certainly would have lost it if she had 'instigated' a fight between the two just by merely telling her not to slam the door. it surprised the nurse that rachel hadn't shot up the half of the school that had laughed at her friend. she was very loyal and protective over him. everyone kind of knew that.

elijah lied down and listened to the nurse's soft humming. his eyes burnt to open up, but he needed to. the first thing he saw was his chest, and worryingly he tried to lift up his head so he could see his feet. because hey- they could've gotten chopped off!!

his head felt heavy, and sick. every time he moved a muscle, it hurt. a lot. "wh-" he managed to get out before he closed his eyes again.